

BY JAMES R. MORRIS.
TERMS.
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From the Ladies' National Magazine.
THE DAUGHTER OF ISRAEL.
BY MARY V. SPENCER.

In a large splendid apartment, filled with the most luxurious furniture of the fifteenth century, and partaking in its florid architecture of the oriental style then so prevalent in Spain, sat a young and lovely female. Her attire was that worn by the wealthier Jewesses in the seclusion of their private apartments. The silken tunic, the rich robe, and the turban were all there; but it needed not this picturesque dress to heighten her beauty. Of all her sect, Miriam, the daughter of Boaz, was admitted to be the most lovely. In the poetical language of her people she was called the rose of Judah, that being her father's tribe.

She was sitting at a desk, with a small parchment before her as if engaged in writing. But now the pen was held listlessly in her hand, and the expression of her countenance was one of deep thought. Miriam though young and beautiful, had already seen trouble. Unknown to her widowed father, she had secretly become a Christian; and had been accustomed, during his absence, to attend the ceremonies of this new faith. Hitherto she had delayed to acknowledge her conversion publicly for she knew it would break her father's heart; and as he was an old man, whose years would probably be few, filial affection induced her to keep secret her change of faith. Yet, day and night, she put up prayers for his conversion; for her bosom yearned to see him too a Christian.

The many trials she had to undergo, in consequence of this struggle between filial love and her new religion, had hitherto, been made comparatively light, by the counsel and sympathy of one she had learned to love with all the truth and fervor of her eastern race. The student, Salvado, as he was called, was a Christian of the old blood, whose fathers had fought against Moors in the mountains of Asturias, and who inherited all the high intellect and manly courage of his ancestors. Miriam had formed an acquaintance with him at the house of a mutual friend, for at that period of our story the wealthier Jews often formed intimacies with the higher classes, and indeed intermarried with them as the genealogies of some of the oldest families of Spain will prove. No two beings ever came together, more fitted for each other, than Miriam and the young student. Both were beautiful, ere enthusiastic, both possessed souls of the loftiest stamp. It was to Salvado's eloquent teachings that Miriam principally owed her conversion to Christianity. And, yet, through long betrothed, no one knew the fact but themselves. Miriam dared not tell her father, for he would sooner have seen her in the grave than wedded to a Christian; and Salvado was a poor student, with no inheritance but noble blood and his father's knightly sword. So the lovers agreed to wait for better times. When is youth not hopeful?

The betrothal had continued for about a year, during which Miriam and her lover met frequently though secretly, when Salvado received a summons to return home and abandon his studies, the uncle who had hitherto supported him at the university having died. He was now altogether penniless, having scarcely money enough left for the journey, but he immediately set forth, taking a melancholy farewell of Miriam.

"I will return ere long," he said, "keep a good heart: perhaps I may win fortune and come to claim you soon. After I have made a settlement of my father's poor estate from the executors of my uncle, I shall join the camp and seek to win wealth and renown by my sword. I will write to you as often as I have opportunity to send by a trusty hand; and if ever you have occasion for the aid of a friend, call on me, and, though at my vigils as a knight, I will fly to your succor."

Miriam promised, and with many tears parted from her lover. Time passed, and in the interval great changes took place in the position of the Jews in Spain. The popular opinion began to run strongly against them: always a despised people, the hatred of the mob began to find vent in open persecution. Already the monarch was meditating their expulsion, that most fatal measure to the prosperity of his kingdom, from the effects of which Spain has not yet recovered, nor ever will. The Jews were in consternation. In a few months, the edict came, and then consternation gave place to despair. Forced to

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"PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES, AND MEN WHO WILL CARRY THOSE PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES INTO EFFECT"

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sacrifice their goods, compelled to leave their native land, the persecuted Hebrews cast themselves in the dust and put on sackcloth and ashes. But this was not the whole of their misery. The populace upheld as they thought, by the royal edict, broke out into riots, almost daily, in which they sacked the homes of the wealthier Jews, and often murdered the inoffensive owners. Poor Miriam was in despair. To acknowledge her conversion now and desert her father would seem the blackest perfidy; to go into exile would be to lose Salvado forever, and the dear hopes connected with him. At length she resolved to write to him, to summon him to her side, and then take a final farewell of him, telling him that she could not desert her father in his extremity. Yet when she took up her pen to indite this missive her heart almost shrank from the task. Hot tears fell on the parchment, and even when more composed, she remained in deep thought.

Suddenly she started from her reverie, for a low, hollow murmur, like the sound of the autumn wind, penetrated, to the retired chamber. She had heard such a sound once before, when a furious mob sacked the house of the Rabbi Benjamin, and her cheek turned ashy white. The noise increased and drew nearer; while the faint hope she had entertained that her ears deceived her, vanished away. There was no longer any doubt that there was a rising of the populace. Louder and louder their shouts approached: Miriam trembled with vague apprehension. Snatching a crucifix from her bosom, she kissed it fervently and had just replaced it, when the door of the apartment opened and her aged parent rushed into the room, alarm depicted on every feature of his countenance.

"The God of Abraham protect thee, sweet one," he exclaimed. "The spoiler is up: the Ishmaelites are abroad. Haste to get some of your most valuable jewels and fly with me by the back way. Hark, there are the blows upon the outer door: the wolves will soon be in the fold of Israel!"

Even while he was speaking, a noise as if a battering ram was being used against the heavy gates of the house, shook the walls; accompanied by a succession of wild huzzas, as when a crowd cheer on the efforts of the more daring portion of its members. Miriam knew, therefore, that no time was to be lost; there was a riot among the populace; and the reputed wealth of her father had drawn the mob to his house, which they intended to sack. Life itself probably depended on her speed. Taking up, therefore, the parchment on which she had been writing, she thrust it into her bosom, and then hastily collecting the most valuable of her jewels she hurried them into a casket, her father assisting her with trembling hands.

"Alas! Alas!" he said while thus occupied, "the glory has departed from my house. We go forth beggars into a strange land. Oh! Miriam, beloved of my heart, the image of thy blessed mother, how will it fare with thee now after my aged head is laid in the dust? I thought to leave thee the richest, as thou art the loveliest of our tribe, but now thou wilt be a beggar among thy people—like the wild conies, having no home but on the hills. God of my fathers," he continued, looking to heaven; "verily, thou hast laid the rod heavily on us. The chosen of thy right hand are delivered to the Philistines—we are wanderers on the earth—oh! when will the days of our tribulation and sojourning be over?"

His words were cut short, as well as their further progress in collecting valuables, by a crash which shook the house to its foundation, followed by a shout of triumph from the crowd; and instantly the infuriated mob were heard in the courtyard below.

"Fly, fly, never mind the jewels—better life and poverty than death by such hands," said Miriam, recoiling with horror at that shout, and dragging her father away from his task. "We shall barely have time to escape into a black street—throw over yourself this cloak: I am sufficiently disguised by my veil."

Taking the old man's hand in hers, she hurried along a corridor, into which the room opened. Their way led for some distance along this passage, which was separated from the courtyard, now filled with people, only by a thin wall; and at every step Miriam expected to hear the door at the upper end give way, when they would be immediately visible to their pursuers.

She could hear the blows on it increasing in rapidity, and urging her trembling limbs forward with an in-

creased pace, she had just gained the door of exit when the entrance gave way. As she hurriedly emerged into the narrow street behind the house, the mob rushed into the corridor. The door was hastily closed behind her, and then she looked up and down the narrow thoroughfare, uncertain which way to proceed, for her father, whom age and terror had rendered incapable of thought, stood beside her, gazing bewildered into her face. To the right, where the narrow lane abutted on the main street, she heard shouts as if the mob was in great force in that quarter; so she turned her footsteps towards the left, and hurried on, dragging her father with her. She hoped that her flight had been unnoticed by the mob, and that she might gain the end of the street undiscovered: then if there was no crown in that quarter, or if their disguises proved effective, she might escape into another part of the city and find refuge with some of their sect until the riot was over.

But these hopes were of short duration. Horror, and regret at leaving his possessions, had so far overcome her father, that he was now as helpless as a child, and Miriam found herself almost compelled to carry him along. Their progress, therefore, was comparatively slow, and they were already a considerable distance from the outlet of the lane, when the door by which they fled was opened, and a rioter looked out. A glance down and then up the street discovered the fugitives; and immediately a dozen of the mob rushed out yelling, and gave pursuit. Miriam shrieked, and made an effort to drag her father forward still faster; but the effort was vain, the rabble made two steps where she advanced one.

"Father," she cried despairingly, "cannot you haste. See, they gain on us, and will tear us limb from limb. If we can gain yonder outlet before them, some archway or open gate may afford us a shelter. A single minute may be enough to baffle the mob."

"I cannot fly faster—I feel as if the angel of death was passing over me—my limbs totter and my heart is still," he said, "leave me to my fate—and the Lord God of thy fathers and my fathers bless thee my child!"

As he spoke, Miriam noticed that his eyes grew glassy, and a ghastly paleness overspread his countenance. His feeble limbs gave way beneath him, and he would have sunk to the ground if his daughter had not supported him.

This was a terrible moment for Miriam. To desert her father in his extremity was not to be thought of, yet remaining would do him no good and would seal her own fate. Death was not in itself so terrible; but she heard of the outrages perpetrated by the rabble on their victims, and she shrank, with maidenly modesty, from the profligation. These thoughts flitted rapidly through her mind, as she heard the exulting cry of the mob, when they saw her father sink down; then, all selfish considerations passed from her mind, and she grew absorbed in her dying parent.

"Father," she said, kneeling, and supporting his dying head, "father!—Oh! he is dying," she cried agonizingly, looking to heaven, "son of God, intercede for him!"

The old man faintly opened his eyes, which rested upon his daughter's tearful countenance. It was the last glow of his faculties, rallying from the stupor of approaching death. There was all the strength of his earlier manhood in them now.

"The God of Israel protect thee, my child," he said, "I go to join Abraham and the patriarchs of old. The Lord is forgiving—he may yet save my murderers—I see the blessed in heaven and there are Gentile as well as Jew."

His voice ceased, his head fell back, and Miriam felt the weight in her arms increased. But her heart throbbed with joy at the words he had spoken; there was not forgiveness in them for her!—oh! could it be that the dying have glimpses of futurity and learn then a charity they knew not while they lived?

But this thought, was succeeded by the reflection that her long loved parent was dead, and that his remains, in another moment, would be the prey of a brutal mob. At the thought she started up, and now, for the first time, she perceived that her pursuers had halted a few paces distant, as if awed for the instant by the unexpected spectacle of death.

It was a subject for a painter. There lay the corpse, with uncovered countenance, that undeniable expression which ever dwells on the faces of the

dead, checking the mob with sudden awe; and over it stood Miriam, her slight, woman's form drawn up, confronting the rioters with the haughty bearing of a priestess, whose shrine has been broken into by sacrilegious hands. At a little distance was the rabble, huddled together like a pack of hungry wolves, suddenly startled by the appearance of some new and unexpected foe.

It might have been a minute that the two parties stood thus regarding each other. At length Miriam, as if remembering her duties to the dead, stooped reverently down and covered the face of the corpse. Whether it was that the mob had, by this time, recovered from their astonishment, or that the stony countenance had been what withheld them, no sooner had the daughter performed this act of filial love, than the rabble, all at once, appeared to recover from their consternation, and a voice from their midst gave utterance to their rage, by crying out: "He only counterfeits death. Down with the unbelieving Jews. No mercy to the scum of Israel."

That ribald challenge found an instant echo in the bosom of the listeners, and with a hungry howl, like jackals scenting a prey, the mob rushed forward.

Miriam, at the first sound of the speaker's voice, had sprung before her father's corpse. She saw, in the faces of the mob, that death would soon be her portion also, and she resolved to perish in the effort to preserve her father's remains from insult. The thought of her lover, even in that awful moment, was present to her mind, in a wild wish that he could have been there to succor her.

"Back," she said, waving her arm as the mob rushed on, "have ye no mercy for the dead. I am a Christian. Oh, then spare my father."

"Thou liest," said one who seemed the leader of the rabble, and whose eyes glistened as he saw the rich jewelry on her person. "Thou a Christian; thou, the child of that impious dog!—Ha! ha!—believe her not, comrades. Come on."

The crowd, which had been checked by her words and manner, seeing their leader at these words lay hands on the maiden, rushed on again. Miriam sprang back, at the same moment, flinging herself on the body of her father, when suddenly she saw a troop of horse, headed by a cavalier, wheel into the lane from its outlet.

"Hold, you villains—stand back there," came an authoritative voice. "The first man that touches this maiden dies!" said the cavalier, checking his horse in full career as he reached the corpse.

At this sudden apparition the mob stood aghast: they looked at their own number and then at that of the horsemen; and finding themselves outnumbered sullenly hung back. Only their leader ventured to speak, but he, too, let go his hold on Miriam.

"They are Jews, Sir Don, and our lawful prey."

"Jews! you knave," said the cavalier, as Miriam, recognizing his voice, sprang into the arms of her lover, who had alighted the moment he checked his steed. "I will certify this maiden to be a Christian; for I heard her say so myself just as we wheeled the corner. See here!" and, with the words, he drew from her bosom, and dashed aloft, by the chain to which it was attached, the jeweled cross that he himself had given her. "Now back, ye rabble, or I will order my horsemen to charge into your midst."

His words were too authoritative, aided by his display of force, to be disputed, and the mob were fain to hasten back to the house and content themselves with its plunder. Whilst this, the cavalier had no disposition to interfere, as he knew that neither his force, nor that of the whole municipality, could withstand the populace there. He therefore ordered his followers to take up the dead body of Miriam's father, and lifting into his saddle her now senseless form, he galloped with his troop away.

Our story is told. It only remains to explain, in conclusion, that Salvado was no longer a poor scholar, but a grandee of Spain, having come into possession of a title and large estate by the death of a distant relative. The instant he heard of the risings against the Jews, leaving for Miriam he had hastened to her side, though his relative's affairs were yet unsettled. Arriving at the time of the riot, and finding he could not reach the house in front, he bethought him of the entrance in the rear—how opportunely the reader has seen.

The father of Miriam had a decent burial, and, in due time, she became the wife of Salvado, having first acknowledged herself to be a Christian. Some of the proudest families of Spain are descended from the Daughter of Israel.

From the Erie Observer.
IMPROVEMENT OF THE MIND.

Every person must feel, in this enlightened age, the importance of cultivating his own mind—of gaining self-knowledge and acquiring a habit of thinking and judging for himself. To those who do thus feel, who have a restless desire for knowledge, I shall suggest a few practical hints, which may serve to stimulate them to press onward in their laudable pursuit.

In order successfully to engage in the acquisition of knowledge, the improvement of the understanding, we should labor deeply to possess our minds of the vast importance of beautifying and enriching the mind with various knowledge; of thinking with order and precision, and of forming an independent judgment, whenever our reasoning powers may be called into exercise. We should labor to feel how destitute and barren our minds are at present; how imperfect our present attainments. And while we are conscious of the narrowness of our minds, let us for a moment turn our attention to those great men, the benefactors of our race, who lived in by-gone years, and behold the almost incredible advances they have made in the arts and sciences, and in moral excellence.

Look at a Newton, whose gigantic intellect discovered the laws by which the planets are bound in the eternal course around a common centre—a Milton, whose immortal strains will be sung with increasing rapture to the latest posterity—a Franklin, whose practical wisdom has justly rendered him immortal. Others might be mentioned but these are enough. Some may say these were more than ordinary men. True, but did they not make themselves such by their own application, perseverance and energy? Do not be contented with your present attainments. Have a standard of excellence, and let it be elevated. Select some person as a model, who is worthy of your imitation, and strive by every laudable exertion to equal him. You can do it—you may even excel, there is not that difference in the mental powers of men naturally as some suppose, but the difference we see in men is owing in a great degree to the difference in opportunities and application to study.

Having mentioned a few of the motives by which we should be governed in order to promote self-culture, I now purpose to give a few practical directions, by the observance of which it may be done. And first I would mention books as being an invaluable means of communication, which are within the reach of all. In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. They are the voices of the living and the dead. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the greatest of our race. "No matter how poor I am," says Channing, "no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling, if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold and sing to me of Paradise; and Shakespeare, to open to me the world of imagination, and the workings of the human heart; and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live."

Yet there are a great many who say they have no time to read. What! no time to read and improve your mind! You have time to cultivate your fields and your gardens, but no time to cultivate your immortal mind! You have time to do every thing that in your view will fill your coffers with gold. Shameful inconsistency. Has your Creator given you a mind of various powers and faculties, susceptible of high degrees of cultivation, and has He given you no time to improve it. It is not so. He commands you to get knowledge and wisdom and understanding. Receive instruction and not silver, and knowledge rather than choice gold, are the words of inspiration. How full of meaning the inspired penman seems powerfully to have felt the importance of knowledge, of a well cultivated mind. He seems to have had a knowledge of human nature. He knew how prone mankind are to seek riches rather than knowledge. Seek knowledge rather than choice gold.

Again is there a man in the community of an intelligent mind, who when coming at nightfall from his labor, if told that beneath his roof he would find Shakespeare, or Milton, or Irving, or Channing, seated in actual presence by his fireside, and waiting to converse with him, who would talk of wanting leisure or of fatigue! Would he not bound forward to meet them, as the panting hart bounds to the water-brooks? Would not the stars grow pale in the sky before he would think of weariness? Well, there is not an individual in the community who cannot for a few dollars, surround his fireside with those kindred spirits, the lights and guides of humanity; not in bodily, but in intellectual presence.

They will speak to his understanding, not through the ear, but through the eyes. They will discourse to him, not in their every day language, in which, perhaps, they do not greatly excel their fellows, but in the choice, and purest strains to which by study and meditation they have elevated their thoughts, and this they will do, not for a hasty moment in a brief visit, but again and again, for days and for years; yea, until, by long continued intercourse with the noblest intellects of our race, his own becomes expanded, exalted and purified. I would remark here that it is not enough that we merely read; we must understand what we read in order to improve by it. In illustrating my remark, permit me to quote Watts on this point. "Remember that your business in reading, or in conversation, especially on subjects of natural, moral or divine science, is not merely to know the opinion of the author or speaker, for this is the mere knowledge of history; but your chief business is to consider whether their opinions are right or not, and to improve your own solid knowledge of that subject, by meditation on the themes of their writing or discourse. Deal freely with every author you read, and yield by your assent only to evidence and just reasoning on that subject. Remember you are a man as well as they; and it is not their reason but your own that is to guide you when you arrive at the years of discretion."

The next requisite to the improvement of the mind is, as I have before hinted, to have a standard of moral excellence. There can be but little real improvement made in self-culture, or any other noble undertaking unless it is accompanied by moral worth and intrinsic virtue.

True dignity and worth depend not on the outward but on the inward man. Be not satisfied with your present attainments—forsake your vicious indulgences—make no mean concessions—let your motto be onward and still onward to higher degrees of moral excellence. Let not your views be hemmed in by narrow bounds. Consider what a change will have taken place at the expiration of the year 1850, and awake to the future? Doubtless a host of startling ideas are clustering around your imagination. Usefulness, veracity, duty, love, obligations discharged, happiness won, prosperous families, kindred neighborhoods, all these may be yours if you will but elevate your standard of excellence to meet them. They will never descend to you.

Fix then your mind upon some model of excellence worthy of your rigid imitation. We have an excellent model in our Washington, over whose history our hearts swell and our eyes overflow with admiration, delight and sympathy; whom we have only to imitate to become immortal. True it was a peculiar crisis that called out his virtues; but the crisis would have done nothing for him, had not his character stood ready to match it. Acquire his character, and fear not the recurrence of a crisis to call forth its glory. Strive to acquire his modesty, his disinterestedness, his singleness of heart, his determined devotion to his country, his candor in deliberation, his accuracy in judgment, his invincible firmness of resolve, and then you may hope to be, in your age what he was in his. Let this be your standard, and strive with all your power to come up to it, and I dare say you will in a good degree effect it.

There is one other topic to which I will allude. Man is a religious being, and as far as human means and influences go, a well disciplined mind and an illuminated understanding, is the natural basis of a religious belief.

Christianity addresses the understanding as well as the heart. It commands us to search the scriptures, to be ready to give a reason for the faith that is in us, and invites us on the Sabbath to listen to a discourse. Can this be done to good purpose (humanly speaking) without the aid of an illuminated understanding. The heathen might offer incense upon the altar of Jupiter, with a vacant mind; he might scrutinize the palpitating viscera of animals with a providing spirit; he might consult the oracle at Delphi and shape his conduct by the responses with a benighted understanding. There is nothing in his religion that invited the exercise of his mental powers. We are blessed with a faith which calls into exercise the whole intellectual man; which prescribes a reasonable service; challenges the investigation of its evidences; and